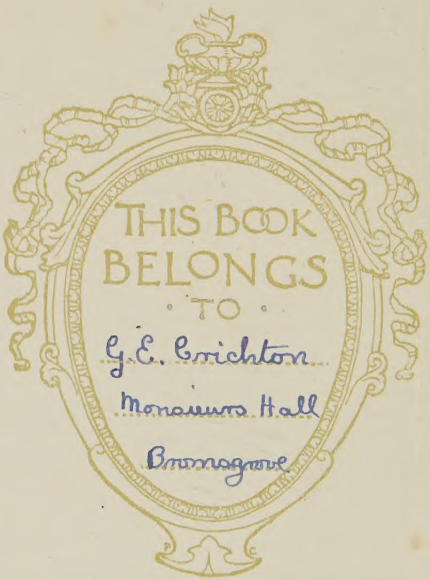
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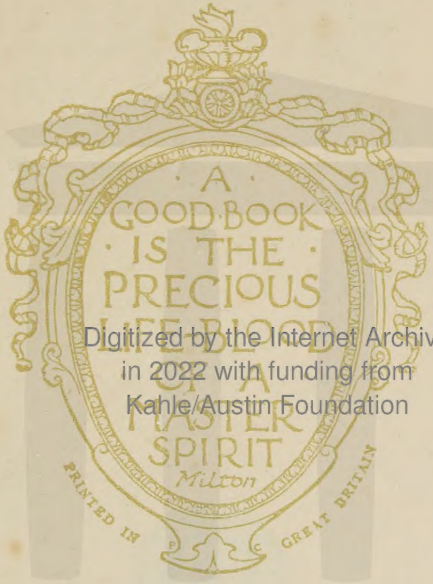

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The KING'S TREASURIES
OF LITERATURE

GENERAL EDITOR
SIR A·T· QUILLER COUCH

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SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CÆSAR

· EDITED ·
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CAESAR
AVGVSTVS

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

THE play of *Julius Cæsar* is one of three which Shakespeare based on material derived from Roman history, the other two being *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*. All of these are tragedies: their heroes are driven on by circumstances to an untimely death.

For about 250 years after the foundation of Rome (753 B.C.), the state was ruled by kings, the first of a line of seven being Romulus. This long period was one of continued success over hostile states, and almost uninterrupted development of Roman power and civilisation, until the reign of Tarquin the Proud, whose cruelty and oppression caused terrible suffering among the people; so atrocious was his brutality that a revolution, led by Lucius Junius Brutus—an ancestor of the Brutus of our play—resulted in the overthrow of the monarchy in favour of a democratic form of government (509 B.C.). Henceforth Rome was a republic, and the very name of king was hated by every true Roman.

The government of the state was now in the hands of " magistrates " of various orders, elected for limited periods. Two Consuls held the highest power, and were at the head of civil and military affairs respectively; they presided over the Senate (the supreme legislative body) and other assemblies, were responsible for the

carrying-out of the law, and had the power of life and death over their soldiers. Besides the Consuls there were the Prætors, who held great responsibilities. The City Prætor, whose duties were confined to Rome itself, was entrusted with the administration of civil justice, and it is to be noted that Brutus, by the favour of Cæsar, was City Prætor during the very year in which the Dictator was assassinated. The only other magistrates who concern us here are the Tribunes. They were really the representatives of the lower classes (plebeians), who by this time had acquired as much power in the state as the aristocracy (patricians); and ten Tribunes were elected annually to hold office for one year. Their rights of interference extended to all kinds of matters, and they had the power to " veto " even the decisions of the Consuls and the Senate; moreover, their persons were considered sacred, so that they enjoyed unfettered authority.

In spite of a long republican tradition, however, there were, during Cæsar's lifetime (100–44 B.C.), several bids for personal power, and men like Marius and Sulla showed the heights and depths to which individual ambition and determination could rise and fall. The most absolute monarch could not have struck terror into the heart of Rome more completely than did Sulla, at whose command thousands of citizens were " proscribed " and put to death.

Rome was still a conquering nation when Julius Cæsar reached maturity. He was descended from an old patrician family, and, even during his early man-

hood, he showed an inordinate ambition to fill high offices of state; it was Sulla himself who first saw "that there were many Mariuses in him." He was a powerful orator, and gained a high reputation in his illustrious political career. By his lavish expenditure on public shows and games and by his unbounded generosity he won his way into the hearts of the Roman people, on whose support he could always rely.

But it was outside Rome that Cæsar was to win his real greatness. Once, as he was passing through a mean and poverty-stricken town, he remarked, "I would sooner be the first man here than the second in Rome"; and on another occasion, having just finished reading the life of Alexander, he became absorbed in thought, and then exclaimed, "Indeed, at my age Alexander had conquered half the world, while I have done nothing!"

Passing over his popular consulship in the year 59 B.C., we come to the golden period of Cæsar's career, when he led the Roman armies in Gaul. In these nine years he subdued that country, from the Alps to the English Channel and from the Atlantic to the Rhine, thus adding an extensive and rich province to the empire of Rome. He visited Britain twice, and though he did not attempt to conquer the country, he gave proof of Roman prowess and power. At the cost of an immense amount of bloodshed—the lives of perhaps two millions of men, women and children—the conqueror had made himself master of the Roman world.

Cæsar now returned towards Rome, where his

former friend, Pompey, held undisputed sway. But such was the ambition of these two Romans that neither of them could suffer a superior, and a clash was inevitable. Cæsar led his victorious army to the frontier of Italy, and paused before taking the irrevocable step which lay between him and civil war. Then, uttering the famous words, "The die is cast," he crossed the Rubicon, the boundary-stream. Pompey fled in fear, and Cæsar within sixty days subdued Italy to his will. He immediately marched into Spain, which was Pompey's stronghold, and reduced it to subjection. He then returned to Rome and at once set out to meet Pompey, who had collected his forces in Macedonia. The final blow was struck in the battle of Pharsalia (48 B.C.), in which Pompey was decisively beaten; he fled to Egypt and was afterwards murdered there. It may be mentioned that Brutus had joined Pompey in this struggle, and that Cæsar, with characteristic good-will towards one whom he respected, not only spared his life, but treated him with the greatest kindness.

It is beyond our present scope to deal with Cæsar's victorious expeditions to Africa, whither he pursued Pompey, to Syria, and to Spain, where he defeated Pompey's sons in the battle of Munda (45 B.C.)

He finally made his triumphant entry into Rome in October, 45 B.C. "The Senate received him with the most servile flattery. They had in his absence voted a public thanksgiving of fifty days, and they now vied with each other in paying him every kind of adulation

and homage. He was to wear, on all public occasions, the triumphal robe; he was to receive the title of "Father of his Country"; his statue was to be placed amongst those of the seven kings in the Capitol; his portrait was to be struck on coins; the month of Quintilis was to receive the name of Julius in his honour, and he was to be raised to a rank among the gods. . . . He received the title of Imperator for life; he was nominated Consul for the next ten years, and Dictator for life; his person was declared sacred; a guard of senators and knights was offered for his protection; and the whole Senate took an oath to watch over his safety." (SMITH.)

Such was the well-nigh superhuman greatness of the titular hero of our play. It now remains for us to study how Shakespeare works out the story of succeeding events.

Julius Cæsar (100–44 B.C.). See Introduction.

The following quotations from other plays are given so as to show that Shakespeare understood and appreciated Cæsar's greatness, although in this play he is presented in a different light:

(*a*) The mightiest Julius.—*Hamlet.*

(*b*) Broad-fronted Cæsar.—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

(*c*) That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live;
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror.
Richard III.

(*d*) Julius Cæsar—whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever . . .—*Cymbeline.*

Octavius Cæsar (63 B.C.–A.D. 14). Son of Octavius, a senator, and Accia, daughter of Julius Cæsar's sister. Adopted by his great-uncle. Triumvir, with Antony and Lepidus, 43 B.C. Defeated Antony in the battle of Actium in Epirus, 31 B.C., and thereby obtained supreme power over the Roman Empire, of which he became Emperor with the title of Augustus.

Marcus Antonius (83–30 B.C.). Served under Julius Cæsar 54–44 B.C. Prime mover in forming the Triumvirate of 42 B.C. After the battle of Philippi he went to

Egypt, where he became enamoured of the charming Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, whom he married after divorcing his second wife, Octavia. Defeated at Actium by Octavius. In despair, committed suicide at Alexandria.

M. Æmilius Lepidus. Third member of the Triumvirate. Consul with Julius Cæsar, 46 B.C. Received Africa as his portion of the Empire. Indolence and unpopularity led to his being degraded by Octavius. Lived in retirement until his death, 13 B.C.

M. Tullius Cicero (106–43 B.C.). Senator. Known as the greatest of Roman orators. Consul in 63 B.C., when he won a great reputation by suppressing the conspiracy of Catiline. Enjoyed great popularity. In the struggle between Cæsar and Pompey he joined the latter, but was afterwards received into the favour of Cæsar. His enmity against Antony proved his ruin, for he was proscribed and put to death in 43 B.C.

Publius and *Popilius Lena.* Senators.

Marcus Junius Brutus. Descended from J. Brutus who expelled the Tarquin kings (509 B.C.). Strong supporter of republicanism; hence, joined Pompey against Cæsar, and fought at Pharsalia, 48 B.C. Pardoned by Cæsar, who made him City Prætor for the year 44 B.C.

C. Cassius. Brother-in-law of Brutus, having married the latter's sister. Strict Epicurean. He became famous as quæstor to Crassus in the expedition against the Parthians, a warlike people of great courage and skill.

Fought with Pompey against Cæsar at Pharsalia, and, like Brutus, received Cæsar's pardon. Regarded by Cæsar with some distrust.

P. Servilius Casca. Tribune, 44 B.C., and one of the conspirators.

C. Trebonius. Another conspirator who had received favours at the hands of Cæsar. Prætor. Consul, 45 B.C. After the murder of Cæsar, he proceeded to Asia and was murdered at Smyrna by Dolabella.

Q. Ligarius. Had been a pro-consul of Africa. Fought with Pompey at Pharsalia, and, like others, received Cæsar's pardon. Was successfully defended by Cicero in an attack made upon him by Cæsar's party. Joined the conspiracy and was later proscribed by the Triumvirs.

Decius Brutus (Decimus Junius Brutus Albinus). Served in Gaul with Cæsar, who showed him great affection. After the assassination he went to Cisalpine Gaul, whither Antony followed him; being deserted by his legions after the battle of Mutina, he was betrayed to Antony, who put him to death.

Metellus Cimber (L. Tullius Cimber). Another conspirator whom Cæsar had befriended.

L. Cornelius Cinna. Another conspirator, who had received a prætorship from Cæsar.

Flavius and *Marullus.* Two tribunes of the plebs. For an account of their powers, see Introduction.

Artemidorus. "Born in the island of Gnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who, by means of his profession, was very familiar with certain of Brutus'

confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar." (PLUTARCH.)

A Soothsayer.

Helvius Cinna. A poet who was intimate with Cæsar.

Another Poet.

Lucilius. A Roman whose fame was founded on his noble attempt to preserve the life of Brutus at Philippi.

Titinius. A friend of Cassius.

M. Valerius Messala Corvinus. Descended from an ancient family. Conquered Messana, in Sicily; hence his name Messala. After fighting with Brutus at Philippi he was reconciled to Octavius.

Young Cato. A son of Cato of Utica, who acquired great honour in fighting.

Publius Volumnius. A friend of Brutus, whom he survived at Philippi, and of whose death he wrote an account.

Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius and *Dardanius* Servants to Brutus.

Pindarus. Servant to Cassius.

Calpurnia. Daughter of L. Calpurnius Piso, and fourth wife of Julius Cæsar. After Cæsar's death she placed herself under the patronage of M. Antony.

Portia. Daughter of the eminent Cato of Utica. Brutus was her second husband. A virtuous woman of great gifts.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Rome. A street

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?
First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.
Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?
Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

4. *Sign.* Badge.
11. *Cobbler.* (1) A bungling workman, (2) a boot-repairer.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

12. *Directly.* In a straightforward manner (*not* promptly).
29. *Neat's-leather.* O.E. *nēát* means a cow or an ox.

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears

51. *Replication.* Echo.
56. *Pompey's blood.* Pompey's sons, whom Cæsar had overcome at the battle of Munda in Spain, 17th March, 45 B.C.

Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*
See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

64–5. *Till . . . of all.* Until the river, though at its lowest level rise as high as its banks.

70. *Ceremonies.* Trophies, decorations in honour of Cæsar.

72. *Feast of Lupercal.* The Feast of Purification, held annually on 15th February.

78. *Pitch.* Height.

Scene II

A public place

Flourish. Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calpurnia!
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
Ant. Cæsar, my lord?
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says "Do this," it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*
Sooth. Cæsar!
Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
[*Music ceases.*

3. *Stand you directly in Antonius' way.* Antony was one of those who at this festival carried leathern thongs with which to touch people, and thus heal them of certain physical weaknesses.

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar." Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance

18. *Ides of March.* 15th March.
24. *Sennet.* A fanfare of trumpets.
28. *Gamesome.* Fond of games.

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,—
Except immortal Cæsar,—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:

65. *That which is not in me. I.e.* the "hidden worthiness" referred to by Cassius in line 57.

And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

71. *Jealous on me.* Suspicious of me.

72–4. *Or did use . . . protester. I.e.* " or were I accustomed to cheapen my love by pledging it to every new-comer who protested friendship towards me."

77. *Profess myself. I.e.* profess myself friendly.

86–7. *Set honour . . . indifferently. I.e.* though the path of honour may lead to death I am ready to pursue it.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is

112. *Æneas.* He was the traditional ancestor of the Romans, and the Julian *gens* especially traced its origin to Julius, son of Æneas.

114. *Anchises.* The father of Æneas.

A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that "Cæsar"?

123. *Bend.* Look, glance.
136. *Colossus.* A gigantic statue. This one, the Colossus of Rhodes, was a brass statue of Apollo (destroyed by an earthquake, 224 B.C.), and, according to tradition, bestrode the harbour mouth.

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar."
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time

151. *Bloods.* Men of spirit and determination.
159. *There was a Brutus once.* See page 7.
163. *Aim.* Idea, notion.

Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. I will do so: but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train but Casca.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.
Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?
Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.
Cas. Who offered him the crown?
Casca. Why, Antony.
Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.
Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown: yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

231. *Honest.* Simple (used sarcastically).
250. *Swounded.* Swooned.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?
Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.
Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.
Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.
Casca. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.
Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?
Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.
Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?
Casca. Ay.
Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

268. *An I had been.* If I had been.

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.
Cas. To what effect?
Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.
Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?
Casca. No, I am promised forth.
Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?
Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.
Cas. Good: I will expect you.
Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*
Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.
Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.
Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

289. *Scarfs.* The laurel-wreaths decorating "Cæsar's images."
299. *Blunt.* Rough, uncouth.

I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me and I will wait for you.
Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore, 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*

311. *Think of the world. I.e.* of the political state of affairs in Rome.

317. *Cæsar doth bear me hard.* Cæsar has a grudge against me.

319. *He should not humour me. I.e.* probably, "He (Cæsar) should not fascinate me so as to pervert me from my principles"; or possibly, "He (Cassius) should not turn me from my purpose."

Scene III

A street

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world too saucy with the gods
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn

20. *Capitol.* The citadel of ancient Rome.

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
" These are their reasons: they are natural: "
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

32. *Climate.* Country, region.

Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

50. *Cross.* Zig-zag.
64. *From quality and kind. I.e.* act in a way which is inconsistent with their natures.
67. *Pre-formed faculties.* Natural instincts.
71. *Monstrous state.* Unnatural state of affairs.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.
Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?
Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land.
In every place save here in Italy.
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,

84. *Our yoke and sufferance.* Our patient enduring of this bondage.
91. *Therein. I.e.* in giving man the power of self-slaughter.

That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;

106. *Hinds.* Double meaning: (1) deer, (2) servants.
117. *Fleering.* Mocking, sneaking.

And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.
Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter Cinna.

Cinna, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone

146. *Old Brutus' statue.* See note to Scene ii., line 159.

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

162. *Conceited.* Conceived, thought out.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Rome. Brutus's orchard

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;

12. *The general. I.e.* the whole country's good.

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint I found

19. *Remorse.* Here means pity, compassion.
20. *Affections.* Sentiment, passion.
21. *Proof.* Experience.
26. *Base degrees.* The steps near the bottom of the ladder (*cf.* Fr. *degré*).
29. *Will bear . . . he is.* Cannot be justified on the ground of his character as revealed up to the present.

This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*
" Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake! "
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
" Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
" Speak, strike, redress! " 'Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.
[*Knocking within.*

44. *Exhalations.* Meteors.
54. *Tarquin.* See page 7.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir: their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,

65. *Phantasma.* Vision, apparition.
66. *Genius.* The soul or mind; the "hearts" of line 175.
Mortal instruments. The physical means of accomplishing the desires of the soul; the "corporal agents"; the "servants" of line 176.
70. *Your brother Cassius.* Brutus and Cassius were brothers-in-law, Cassius having married Brutus's sister.

Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.

83. *For if thou path, etc.* "For if thou goest about undisguised." The disguise is to be "smiles and affability."
84. *Erebus.* The dark under-world.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond

108. *Weighing.* Taking into consideration. On 15th March the sun rises a little to the south of due east.

119. *By lottery.* "In turn," *i.e.* by the method of proscription, as described in Act IV. Scene i.

Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him,

129. *Cautelous.* Crafty, cunning.

130. *Carrions.* Aged men, hastening to decay, and who otherwise might lack will-power.

For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cas. Then leave him out.
Casca. Indeed he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?
Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.
Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make

177-8. *This shall make . . . envious.* Then will our deed appear justified by necessity, and not done out of malice.

Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night

188. *And that were much he should.* And it is not likely he will do that.

197. *Ceremonies.* The interpretation of omens, which was carried out by the " augurers " (line 200).

And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus:
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said and show yourselves true Romans.

204. *That unicorns, etc.* The hunter dodged quickly behind a tree, and the unicorn, in its mad rush, embedded its horn in the tree-trunk and was caught. Bears were " blinded " with mirrors, and thus being brought to a standstill for a moment, could easily be shot. Elephants could be enticed towards ditches, into which they fell.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep! It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,

225. *Put on.* Disclose, reveal.
231. *Figures . . . fantasies.* Visions . . . imaginations.
240. *Across.* Folded.

But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow

250. *Humour.* Caprice.
261. *Physical.* Good for one's health.
266. *Rheumy.* Damp. *Unpurged. I.e.* by the sun.
271. *Charm.* Charge, appeal to.

Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound

Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

308. *Charactery, etc. I.e.* all that is written there.

And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Cæsar's house

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

5. *Priests.* The "augurers" of Scene i., line 200.

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threatened me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.
Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

16. *The watch.* The watchmen (of Shakespeare's own time).
25. *Use.* Custom, usage.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeared to tell greybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;

It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
" Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
" Lo, Cæsar is afraid "?
Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

89. *Tinctures . . . cognizance.* The first and last are heraldic terms: *tinctures* are the colours of coats-of-arms, and *cognizances* are badges to indicate the party to which the wearer belongs. The whole passage probably means that men will dip their handkerchiefs in the blood to show their pride in being followers of Cæsar.

96. *It were a mock, etc.* " Probably someone would mockingly reply as follows."

103. *Proceeding.* Conduct, welfare.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will. [*Aside.*] And so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;
And we like friends will straightway go together.
Bru. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A street near the Capitol

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover, Artemidorus."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayest live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

129. *Yearns.* Grieves.

8. *Security.* Absence of the thought of danger; false confidence.

14. *Out of the teeth of emulation.* Without being exposed to the malice of envious men.

Scene IV

Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.

7. *Set a huge mountain, etc.* Enable me to keep what is in my heart away from my tongue.

Por. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is 't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

37. *More void.* Less crowded.

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

A Roman Augur

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above

A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar goes up to the Senate-house, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cas. Casca,
Be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

29. *Address'd.* Ready.

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

38. *And turn pre-ordinance, etc.* And make eternal laws and "changeless decrees" like the trifling and changeable decisions of children.

39. *Fond.* Foolish.

54. *Freedom of repeal. I.e.* liberty which the repeal of his banishment would give him.

There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do not know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*

Cæs. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

62. *Fellow.* Equal.
74. *Olympus.* The far-famed mountain of Thessaly where the gods of the ancient Greeks were supposed to dwell.
75. *Bootless.* Without redress; in vain.
80. *Common pulpits.* Public platforms.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood

94. *Abide.* Answer for.
100. *Stand upon.* Are concerned about.

Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom and liberty!"

Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving:
Say I love Brutus and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and loved him.

114. *In sport. I.e.* on the stage in dramatic representation, as just suggested by Cassius.

115. *Pompey's basis.* The base of Pompey's statue.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied, and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

131. *Be resolv'd.* Be satisfied with explanations.
136. *This untrod state. I.e.* the new state of affairs which Rome will now have to face.
143. *Well to friend.* As a firm friend.

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:

152. *Be let blood.* Be bled to death.
Rank. Overgrown (in power) and fit only to be uprooted (like a weed).
160. *Apt.* Ready.
161. *Mean.* Means.
171. *As fire . . . pity.* As the greater fire renders the smaller one of no account, so pity for the wrong to which Rome was exposed outweighed our pity for Cæsar.

Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence.
Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

174. *In strength of malice. I.e.* with the whole-heartedness generally associated with malicious motives (indicating the warmth of their love for Antony).
191. *Credit.* Reputation.
196. *Dearer.* Even more; more deeply.

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:

204. *Bay'd.* Driven to bay, like a hunted stag (" hart ").
206. *Sign'd in thy spoil.* Stained with thy blood.
Lethe. Death; really the River of Death in the pagan underworld.
216. *Prick'd.* Marked, set down.

Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Brutus.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon:
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all

238. *Protest.* Declare. 243. *Fall.* Befall, happen.

About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Still in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;

271. *Ate.* The Greek goddess of Evil and Discord.
273. *Havoc. I.e.* slaughter to the utmost, without quarter.
The dogs of war. Famine, sword and fire.

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar! [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

276. *Octavius Cæsar.* Grand-nephew of Julius Cæsar. He became one of the triumvirs (Act IV. Scene i.), and later the powerful Emperor, Augustus Cæsar.

283. *Passion.* Sorrow.

Scene II

The Forum

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.
First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.
Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.
[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*
Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!
Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you

1. *Satisfied. I.e.* with explanations.
7. *Rendered.* Given in answer (for).
16. *Censure.* Judge, estimate.

may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

41. *The question of his death, etc.* The arguments in connection with his death are duly recorded in the Capitol.

42. *Extenuated.* Belittled.

43. *Enforced.* Magnified, exaggerated.

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

56–7. *Cæsar's better parts, etc. I.e.* Brutus will show that he possesses all Cæsar's better qualities, made perfect.

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*
Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

70. *Beholding.* Beholden, indebted.

But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

138. *Napkins.* Handkerchiefs.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!
Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.
Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!
All. The will! the testament!
Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will!
read the will.
Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
Sec. Cit. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*
Third Cit. You shall have leave.
Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.
First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
All. Stand back. Room! Bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold

177. *The Nervii.* It was only after a desperate struggle that Cæsar overcame the Nervii (a tribe of N.E. Gaul) in 57 B.C., and the victory was one of the most glorious of his career. In point of fact, Antony was not present.

185. *Angel.* They were the closest of friends.

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd as you see, with traitors.
First Cit. O piteous spectacle!
Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!
Third Cit. O woful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay! Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

217. *Griefs.* Grievances.

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true: the will! Let's stay and hear the will

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

241. *Loves. I.e.* the love of each one of you.
247. *Drachmas.* The drachma was a Greek silver coin worth about the same as a French franc.

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot;
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

260. *Brands. I.e.* from the funeral pyre.
271. *Upon a wish.* Exactly according to my wish.

Scene III

A street

Enter Cinna the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?
Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?
Third Cit. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.
First Cit. Ay, and briefly.
Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.
Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools

2. *Things unluckily charge my fantasy.* I have a foreboding fear that bad luck is in store for me.
10. *Directly.* Straightforwardly.
13. *You were best.* It were best for you.

that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*

20. *You'll bear me a bang.* You'll get a bang from me.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

A house in Rome

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent—
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here? 10
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,

Antony, Octavius and Lepidus had constituted themselves into a triumvirate, *i.e.* a supreme council of three, to manage the affairs of the Roman world.

6. *Damn.* Condemn.

Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will:
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds

14. *The three-fold world divided.* They had divided the Roman world into three "shares."
17. *Black. I.e.* because it involved death.
34. *Taste.* Sense, measure.

On abjects, orts and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

37. *Abjects, orts and imitations. I.e.* (i) things thrown away by others, (ii) food left over, (iii) the aping of other people's habits.

39. *Begin his fashion.* Begin to be followed by him (though already out of fashion with others).

40. *A property.* A mere tool (to aid us in acting our part).

42. *Powers.* Forces.

48. *We are at the stake. I.e.* like bears fastened to a stake and baited by dogs.

Scene II

Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*
Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you: let me be resolved.
Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,

7. *In his own change, etc.* Either on account of a change in his disposition towards me, or through the counsel of ill-disposed officers.
10. *I shall be satisfied. I.e.* with explanations.
12. *Full of regard.* Worthy of respect.
16. *Familiar instances.* Marks of friendship and familiarity.

Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*

Bru. Hark! he is arrived:
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand!

Sec. Sol. Stand!

Third Sol. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

21. *Enforced ceremony.* Formal civility.
23. *Hot at hand.* Held in rein.

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Brutus's tent

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

41. *Content.* Calm.
46. *Enlarge your griefs.* Explain your grievances in full.
2. *Noted.* Dishonoured, exposed to disgrace.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

8. *That every nice offence, etc.* That every trifling offence should be strictly inquired into.
10. *An itching palm. I.e.* a sign of avarice.
15. *The name of Cassius, etc. I.e.* the patronage of a great man like Cassius serves as a shield to those who are guilty of these corrupt practices, and they therefore go unpunished.
27. *Bay.* Bark at.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is 't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

30. *To hedge me in.* To set limits to my power.
32. *Conditions.* Stipulations, terms of settlement.
36. *Health.* Personal safety.
44. *Budge.* Give way (to you).
45. *Observe you.* Look on in silence.
47. *Spleen.* Passion.

Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

74. *Vile trash. Cf.* the expression "filthy lucre" for ill-gotten gain.

By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

75. *Indirection.* Crooked or dishonourable means.
80. *Rascal counters.* "Vile trash"; counters are coins.

My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,

102. *Plutus.* The ancient god of wealth.
109. *Humour.* Temper, caprice.

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

Cas. How now! what's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean? 130
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!
Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 140
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

133. *Cynic.* Scoffer. There was an ancient sect of philosophers known as the Cynics.

136. *I'll know his humour, etc.* I'll put up with his rudeness when he knows how to choose a convenient time for interfering.

137. *Jigging.* Ballad-making. A jig, in Shakspeare's time, meant a song as well as a dance.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so? 150
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong: for with her death
That tidings came: with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. 160
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*
Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

155. *She fell distract.* She became desperate.

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one!
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off

193. *I have as much of this in art as you.* I believe as much in this principle (of self-restraint) as you do.
195. *To our work alive.* Let us turn to the work which lies before us.
205. *In a forced affection. I.e.* their support is not freely given.
209. *New-added.* Augmented in numbers.

If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.
Bru. Lucius! [*Re-enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit. Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother!

224. *Ventures.* Merchandise risked in sea traffic.
228. *Niggard.* Satisfy sparingly.

This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? 240
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; 250
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

241. *Knave.* Boy.
O'er-watch'd. Tired out with being awake so long.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*
Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*Sits down.*

268. *Lay'st thou thy leaden mace. I.e.* in token of arrest by the officer "Sleep."

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

280. *Stare.* Stand on end (in fright).

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! 300
[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!
Var. My lord?
Clau. My lord?
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

The plains of Philippi

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

10. *With fearful bravery.* With a show of bravery, but *really* full of fear.
14. *Bloody sign of battle.* Red banner.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent? 19
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart, 31
Crying "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"
Cas. Antony,

19. *Exigent.* Critical moment.
20. *I do not cross you; but I will do so.* Various interpretations: (i) I will not quarrel with you, but will do as you wish. (ii) I have no wish to thwart you, but I am determined to do this (*i.e.* go to the right). (iii) (as an *aside*) I will not thwart you *now*, but I will at some future time (as he actually did). See pp. 161–2 on Shakespeare's use of Plutarch.
24. *We will answer on their charge.* We will join battle when they make a charge.

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

34. *Hybla.* A town in Sicily, noted for its honey.
52. *The sword goes up again. I.e.* will return to its sheath.
54. *Till another Cæsar, etc. I.e.* till the traitors' sword has slaughtered one more victim (*i.e.* himself).

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony; away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field:
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*
Cas. Why, now, blow, wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. [*Standing forth.*] My lord?
[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*
Cas. Messala!
Mes. [*Standing forth.*] What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

61. *Schoolboy.* Octavius was only 21, being born in 63 B.C.
66. *Stomachs.* Inclination.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy

77. *Epicurus.* A famous Greek philosopher, part of whose doctrine was that all signs, portents, omens and apparitions were delusions.

80. *Our former ensign.* Our foremost standard.

By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself: I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

105–6. *To prevent the time of life.* To anticipate the time of one's natural death (*i.e.* by committing suicide).

107. *To stay.* To await.

This speech of Brutus means, briefly, this: "According to the doctrine by which I blamed Cato for committing suicide,—for it seems cowardly to take one's own life out of fear of what may happen—I am determined patiently to await the dispensation of the higher powers."

111–12. *Think not . . . bound to Rome. I.e.* he will commit suicide. Note Brutus's sudden change of mind.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The field of battle

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Another part of the field

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Sc. ii. 1. *Bills.* Messages.
Sc. iii. 3. *Ensign.* Standard-bearer; *it* in the next line refers to the standard itself.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.
[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. [*Above.*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;

19. *Even with a thought. I.e.* in a moment.

Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.
Cas. Come down; behold no more.
O coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Pindarus descends.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

51. *Change.* Exchange (a victory for a defeat).

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!
Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say "thrusting" it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Messala.*

68. *Apt.* Easily-formed.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Kills himself.*

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, and others.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome

96. *In our own proper entrails.* Into our own bodies. "Proper" means "own" (emphatic).

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Another part of the field

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [*Exit.*

104. *Thasos.* An island in the Ægean Sea.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son,
First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only I yield to die:
[*Offering money.*] There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!
Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
First Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Another part of the field

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispering.*
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee? 10
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

2. Statilius had gone to find out the number of the slain.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
[*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect:
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.
Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*]
Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the Army.

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mess. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

46. *Smatch.* Smack, taste.
60. *Entertain them.* Take them into my service.
62. *Prefer.* Recommend.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world "This was a man!"
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

73. *The elements. I.e.* fire, air, earth, and water, of which all things were believed to be composed in varying proportions. In the human body, fire was represented by "choler," air by "blood," earth by "melancholy," water by "phlegm," and these four "humours" produced the total temperament.

HELPS TO THE STUDY OF THE STORY AND CHARACTERISATION

"THE characters of the *dramatis personæ*, like those in real life, are to be inferred by the reader;—they are not told to him. And it is well worth remarking that Shakespeare's characters, like those in real life, are very commonly misunderstood, and almost always understood by different persons in different ways. The causes are the same in either case. If you take only what the friends of the character say, you may be deceived, and still more so, if that which his enemies say. . . . Take all together, not omitting a shrewd hint from the clown or the fool, and perhaps your impression will be right."—COLERIDGE.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—15th February, 44 B.C.

I. i. 4. The wearing of badges to indicate one's trade probably refers to an English custom of Shakespeare's own time rather than to a Roman custom.

I. i. 11–28. Note the Second Commoner's fluency in word-play: *cobbler, soles, if you be out, all* and *awl, recover.*

I. i. 35. To see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph brings us, in the very first scene, into touch with the main theme

of the play, especially in view of the reply evoked from Marullus. In reality, this " triumph " was celebrated in October, 45 B.C.; but, for dramatic effect, Shakespeare synchronises it with the Feast of Lupercal, 15th February, 44 B.C.

I. i. 37–80. The speeches of the Tribunes, guardians of the people's cause, definitely strike the key-note of the play, *viz.*, the danger to the state of the overweening pride of Cæsar, the conqueror of " great Pompey " and of " Pompey's blood." And if a finger-post is needed, we may find it in the last four lines of the scene.

I. i. 53–55. Shakespeare, through Marullus, is surely pointing out the childishness of the mob in its love for excitement, even on an occasion when, as Plutarch tells us, a wave of indignation swept through Rome because Cæsar's victory had not been over a foreign foe but over " the sons of the noblest man of Rome."

I. i. 72. The religious festival of the Lupercalia was held near the place where Romulus and Remus were supposed to have been suckled by a she-wolf. In the " course " ran the *magistri* (of whom Antony was one) bearing leathern-thongs with which they touched people in the crowd, especially women, who were thus thought to be cleansed or " purified " of certain physical infirmities. *Cf.* Sc. ii. ll. 6–7.

The general observations on the scene are:

(i) The key-note of the play is struck: the power of Cæsar is soaring to dangerous heights; and the warning of the Tribunes proclaims the opinion of one section of the " official mind " of Rome.

(ii) The mob is introduced, and is to play its part in the action of the plot. Already some of its characteristics are evident, and others must be noted as the play proceeds.

SCENE II.—15th February, 44 B.C. (same date as Scene i.).

I. ii. 1. Note Casca's servile and flattering attitude towards Cæsar. Compare also lines 14 and 21.

I. ii. 10. Antony, too, as well as Casca, recognises the supreme authority of Cæsar.

Notice the various touches by which, in the first part of the scene, the greatness of Cæsar is made prominent.

I. ii. 17. Cæsar's use of the third person in speaking of himself shows his pride, and heightens the effect. Later examples of the same thing must be noted.

I. ii. 20. Cæsar professes to be able to read character on seeing the face of a man; his conclusion here is seen in line 24.

I. ii. 28–29. This contrast in the characters of Brutus and Antony is noteworthy, especially in view of later developments.

I. ii. 35. A metaphor taken from horsemanship.

It is interesting to see how tactful Cassius is in his attempt to find an opportunity for a serious talk with Brutus on a matter of great importance. There had been rivalry between them, as they had both been candidates for the City Prætorship, which Cæsar had given to Brutus.

I. ii. 36–47. Brutus's speech paves the way for Cassius, who realises that the two conflicting passions in Brutus are his love for Cæsar, and his love for Rome and liberty.

I. ii. 58–62. Cassius cleverly insinuates the subject of his "thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations."

I. ii. 71–78. Cassius has now begun definitely to try to win Brutus by appealing to the latter's worthiness. "As his own credentials, Cassius puts forward his freedom

from those vices which Brutus most contemns, as if there were no dangers from the man whose life is not lax, ostentatious and self-indulged."—DOWDEN.

I. ii. 97 ff. In the rest of this dialogue note the threefold appeal which Cassius makes to win Brutus:

(i) Insistence on Cæsar's physical infirmities.
(ii) Comparison of Brutus and Cæsar.
(iii) The danger which threatens Rome.

Why did Brutus respond to the third, rather than to the other two?

I. ii. 156. "Rome" was pronounced like "room"; hence the pun.

I. ii. 160. Notice the anachronism by which a Roman refers to the Devil.

I. ii. 180. Trace illustrations of Casca's "sour fashion" in the latter part of this scene.

I. ii. 194. Cæsar's searching analysis of the character of Cassius, dramatically considered, comes at an opportune moment, just after Cassius's denunciation of Cæsar. How full of meaning it is, from the spectator's point of view; especially such a line as:

"He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

I. ii. 203–4. Compare *Merchant of Venice*, V. i. 83:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

I. ii. 213. Plutarch does not mention Cæsar's deafness. Notice how insistent Shakespeare is in bringing into prominence the physical weaknesses of Cæsar, instead of magnifying his greatness. Is there a dramatic reason for this?

I. ii. 215. Casca tells his story in prose, while Brutus and Cassius continue to speak in verse. Why would verse be out of place in such a narration? Note Casca's "sour fashion" and his "bluntness," as well as his change of attitude towards Cæsar.

I. ii. 235 ff. This picture of the mob is typical of Shakespeare's usual attitude towards the common crowd. Pick out the epithets and phrases of disparagement. Why did the "rabblement" shout and clap their hands when Cæsar refused the crown? And what would be their opinion of Cæsar in consequence?

I. ii. 257. Cassius, playing on the term "falling-sickness," is quick to turn the remark to his own purpose, and "honest Casca" fails to understand the gibe.

I. ii. 267. The doublet was a part of the Elizabethan dress, and not a Roman garment. In Shakespeare's day, actors did not wear the costumes of the times and countries represented in the plays.

I. ii. 282 and 287. There was nothing extraordinary in the fact that Cicero, as a man of culture, spoke Greek; all educated people would understand him. It is interesting to see how Shakespeare has "created" Casca (who in reality was cultured and *did* speak Greek) as an uneducated and excitable man.

I. ii. 299 ff. Brutus sees only the bluntness of Casca, but Cassius, who is "a great observer" and "looks quite through the deeds of men," knows that Casca will be a useful accomplice.

I. ii. 312 ff. Soliloquies are always important. Here Cassius allows us to read his inmost thoughts, and lays bare some unmistakable points in his character, especially

his judgment of human nature and his crafty, unscrupulous disposition.

I. ii. 325–6. Rhyme is a common feature of the last lines of a scene, giving, as it does, a finishing touch to a long speech or scene. Moreover, it is to be noted that Elizabethan staging arrangements (*e.g.* use of curtains) were much more scanty than those of our own day, so that a rhyming passage prepared the audience for the end.

SCENE III.—14th March, 44 B.C.

It is well to reflect how Cassius will have been developing the conspiracy during this time.

I. iii. 11–13. Had Cassius been prompting him with ideas which he now spontaneously associates with this "civil strife in heaven"? Or was it his own imaginative temperament that suggested them?

I. iii. 31 ff. Imagine the violent excitement of Casca, who verily believes "they are portentous things"; and contrast it with the calm demeanour of Cicero, who dismisses the idea of omens—"his spirit is insulated by a thin, non-conducting web of scepticism and intellectuality from the electric atmosphere of the time."—DOWDEN.

I. iii. 45 ff. Cassius, to whom it is "a very pleasing night," shows a studied indifference to the actual tempest; his high-strung delight comes from the use to which he can put this unwonted elemental strife. Accordingly he wins over the superstitious Casca, and his success here seems to foreshadow similar success with Brutus, whose decision has not yet been made.

I. iii. 85–88. Plutarch tells us that the Sibylline Books contained a prophecy that the Parthians would only be

conquered by a king. Hence the Senate was willing to make Cæsar king, with royal powers in all places beyond the boundaries of Italy.

I. iii. 89. "Republican independence has become to him (Cassius) an ideal dearer than life."—MOULTON. Is his demonstration against kingship here based on his general principles or on grounds of personal jealousy?

I. iii. 103 ff. Cassius, the practical politician, immediately turns to good account the remark of Casca; note, at the end of the speech, how cleverly he forces Casca into a declaration of his attitude.

I. iii. 132. Cinna's appearance and Cassius's impatience give us the feeling that events are now moving fast.

I. iii. 140. Why are the conspirators so anxious to secure Brutus? Casca supplies the reason a little later.

I. iii. 142. Another instance of Cassius's practical methods. Brutus, of course, was Prætor at the time. Were these the first anonymous messages which Cassius had sent to Brutus? And what was the reason for fixing a message on "old Brutus' statue"? The scene, as a whole, is a parable of nature, and Shakespeare, seeing its dramatic possibilities, makes the fullest use of it. The discord of the elements, exaggerated for the sake of dramatic effect, provides a fitting atmosphere for the discord in the state. Casca's lurid picture of the thunder and lightning and the "prodigies" which accompany them prepares us for the turmoil into which Rome is to be flung, and by the time we reach the end of the scene we are aware that the smouldering fires of conspiracy are on the point of bursting into flame.

QUESTIONS ON THE FIRST ACT

1. What are the characteristics of "the crowd" in Scene i. Do they apply to any crowd?

2. Study the doings of Cassius in this Act and discuss what traits in his character declare themselves.

3. Reproduce briefly the three arguments by which Cassius sought to win Brutus to his cause.

4. Discuss, with illustrations, the difference between the attitude of Cassius and that of Brutus towards Cæsar.

5. What estimate have you already formed of Cæsar's manner and character?

6. Put into your own words Cassius's soliloquy: "Well, Brutus, thou art noble," etc.

7. Compose (in blank verse, if you can) a soliloquy of Brutus on Cassius, corresponding to that of Cassius on Brutus.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—15th March, 44 B.C.

II. i. 10 ff. This wonderful speech should be studied carefully, and even memorised, as showing the mental process by which Brutus arrived at his final decision. Form opinions on the following points:

(i) Had Brutus any private grievance?
(ii) Is "greatness" in itself a crime?
(iii) Had Cæsar hitherto shown signs of becoming dangerous?
(iv) What are the dangers of ambition?
(v) Wherein is Cæsar likened to "a serpent's egg"?
(vi) Is the argument morally sound?

It is the argument of a political idealist, based on hypotheses rather than on facts.

II. i. 56–58. How dramatically appropriate is this latest "instigation," coming at the time when Brutus has just solved his great problem. The anonymous letters have served their purpose, and Brutus has now made his solemn promise—not to the conspirators, but to Rome! And we notice again that he bases his promise on a hypothesis: "If the redress will follow"—surely a piece of dramatic irony.

II. i. 61–62. One of the few hints of the flight of time (a month) since the first interview between Brutus and Cassius. *Cf.* line 49.

II. i. 86. No sooner has Brutus made up his mind on the great issue than he is surrounded by the conspirators; he has no time to go back on his decision. This is an important point in dramatic construction.

II. i. 90 ff. Do you consider this mere flattery?

II. i. 100. Cassius is evidently surprised at the readiness of Brutus to welcome the conspirators so warmly. We may guess the nature of the whispered conversation.

II. i. 101–11. This part seems to serve two purposes:

(i) To fill up the time while Brutus and Cassius are conversing.

(ii) To announce the dawn of the fateful day.

II. i. 114 ff. Now that Brutus is one of the conspirators, he inevitably assumes the leadership. Why? Examine the three proposals relating to (i) the oath, (ii) Cicero, and (iii) Antony, and consider whether Brutus's reasons justify his veto.

Compare the wisdom of Brutus and that of Cassius in the management of practical affairs.

II. i. 124 ff. Brutus believed in his code of honour as a Roman; his word was his bond, and he simply could not understand the point of view of those who favoured the oath. Did he show practical wisdom here?

II. i. 145. Compare this with the main reason which prompted Cassius to seek Brutus's help. What special services would Cicero have been able to render to the cause? Was Brutus wise in leaving him out?

II. i. 155 ff. Compare Brutus and Cassius as judges of Antony's character.

II. i. 167–70. Note this reference, often repeated, to the "spirit" of Cæsar—the all-determining factor in the rise and fall of the dramatic plot.

"Nothing can be more absurd than to regard the conspiracy as a blow at Cæsarism. Cæsar's spirit is the spirit of the times."—RANSOME.

II. i. 192. Note this anachronism: the Romans had no clocks.

II. i. 195. Keep in mind Cassius's remarks on Cæsar's superstitious nature when Scene ii. is read.

II. i. 233. Enter Portia. Few are the occasions when we hear Portia speak, but how deeply her strong character impresses itself on our mind! We see in her the worthy wife of a noble Roman.

Note in this scene: (i) Her keen solicitude for her husband's welfare. (ii) Her tender appeal to know the cause of his unwonted behaviour. (iii) Her sense of mental and moral strength.

II. i. 295. Cato of Utica (95–46 B.C.). He was an ardent Stoic, who thus bore all life's experiences with calm fortitude—a feature of Portia's character here. He

committed suicide after the battle of Thapsus, which his enemy, Cæsar, won (*cf.* V. i. 102).

SCENE II.—15th March, 44 B.C.

II. ii. 1. Cæsar's opening speech, which recalls at once the events described in Act I. Sc. iii., strikes the keynote of the scene—the conflict of reason and superstition.

II. ii. 13. Note the preponderance of monosyllables in Calpurnia's speech, expressing her excitement and terror.

II. ii. 26–37. Do you think Cæsar's fatalism is genuine; or is it largely assumed, for the purpose of hiding secret fear?

II. ii. 44. "He forgets himself as he actually is, and knows only the vast legendary power named Cæsar. He is a *numen* to himself, speaking of Cæsar in the third person, as if of some power above and behind his consciousness. And at this very moment—so ironical is the time-spirit—Cassius is cruelly insisting to Brutus upon all those infirmities which prove this god no more than a pitiful mortal."—DOWDEN.

II. ii. 71. Again, "most mighty Cæsar" asserts his superiority.

II. ii. 83. Notice the dramatic irony of Decius's specious interpretation of the dream: although he sets out to show that it was "a vision fair and fortunate," his reference to "tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance" would seem to imply the previous death of the hero—which he was pretending to disprove. But Cæsar accepts the explanation.

SCENE III.—15th March, 44 B.C.

The conspiracy is evidently not a close secret (Brutus

had forbidden an oath!) and the possibility is revived that the fatal blow may be averted.

SCENE IV.—15th March, 44 B.C.

II. iv. 23. "Observe how strongly Shakespeare marks the passage of time up to the moment of Cæsar's death; night, dawn, eight o'clock, nine o'clock, that our suspense may be heightened, and our interest kept upon the strain."—DOWDEN.

QUESTIONS ON THE SECOND ACT

1. Reproduce, with quotation, the substance of Brutus's soliloquy in which he decides that Cæsar must be put to death. Do you agree with his reasoning?

2. What do you think of Brutus as a reader of character, *e.g.* in the case of (*a*) Casca, (*b*) the conspirators, (*c*) Antony?

3. Suggest what services Cicero might have been able to render to the conspirators, if he had become one of their number, (*a*) before the murder of Cæsar, (*b*) after the murder.

4. Imagine you are Cassius writing down your reflections in a diary. Quote your entry for (*a*) 15th February, written before Brutus has been won over, and (*b*) 15th March, written in the early hours of the morning, after the meeting of the conspirators in Brutus's orchard.

5. Compare the motives of Brutus and Cassius in desiring the death of Cæsar.

6. Was Brutus a success as a conspirator? Contrast him, in this respect, with Cassius.

7. State briefly the opinions of (*a*) Brutus, (*b*) Cassius, (*c*) Cæsar, on the character of Antony.

8. What are the outstanding features of Cæsar's character in the scene where Calpurnia tries to dissuade him from going to the senate-house?

9. Imagine you are Lucius, and describe the scene in which Portia is sending you with a message to Brutus at the senate-house.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—15th March, 44 B.C.

III. i. 8. "Nothing but the magnanimity of Cæsar, who declines to allow his private business to have the preference, defeats Artemidorus's friendly design to warn him of his danger."—RANSOME.

III. i. 26. Cassius is only too well aware of the danger of Antony's presence. The incident reminds us, too, that Antony will have to be reckoned with later.

III. i. 53. Do the conspirators *expect* Cæsar to grant their suit? What is its purpose?

III. i. 58 ff. This speech should be learnt by heart. Has Cæsar been as "constant" as he boasts himself to be? Note his culminating remark: "Wilt thou lift up Olympus?" Does he not really seem to *deserve* his fate?

III. i. 77. Et tu, Brute? Shakespeare had no historical authority for these words, but they had been used in an older play. What is their full significance?

III. i. 98. Brutus, thinking of the consequences of the action just performed, realises that the conspirators have made no plans for the future, and his remark foreshadows the dangers and difficulties in front of them.

III. i. 103–10. Seldom is Brutus really eloquent,

except, as here, when he is speaking under deep emotion. But the argument is unconvincing.

As he utters his "Stoop, Romans, stoop, And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood," etc., our thoughts flash back to Decius's subtle interpretation of Calpurnia's dream.

III. i. 122. The play here enters upon its second phase. From the conspirators' point of view, the climax has been reached, their aim has been accomplished. Have they now any definite constructive policy, or is the death of Cæsar the be-all and end-all of their motive?

Meanwhile, Antony comes more and more into the foreground, revealing the strength of his personality. Why has Shakespeare hitherto kept him in the background?

III. i. 123. Why did Antony send his servant? The tactfulness and eloquence of the message are characteristic of Antony.

III. i. 148 ff. Antony, uncertain as to how he is regarded by Brutus and Cassius, speaks simply as the broken-hearted lover of the dead Cæsar. His sincere devotion need not be questioned, but he is artful (i) in first addressing the corpse, (ii) in expressing his willingness to die (after Brutus's assurance that he should "depart untouch'd"), and (iii) in his words of flattery.

III. i. 177. Cassius, to whom mere words and sentiment are idle, dwells on the "practical" issue of Antony's friendship.

III. i. 207–8. It is curious that Shakespeare often introduces a pun in a solemn passage, producing, to some extent, a jarring effect. Coleridge doubts the genuineness of these two lines, as being quite unlike Shakespeare.

III. i. 231–43. Another of Brutus's great blunders, and a further illustration of the vital difference between Brutus and Cassius in practical affairs.

Notice, too, Brutus's supreme confidence in the issue, if he ascends the rostrum first; this is due, not to pride, but to a sense of the righteousness of his cause.

III. i. 254–75. This wonderful soliloquy forms a fitting prologue to the rest of the play, foreshadowing the dire results of what has gone before.

III. i. 270. Of "Cæsar's spirit" the conspirators have taken no account; it is this which now informs the progress of events. Antony had mentioned it before (l. 195).

III. i. 276. The introduction of the servant of Octavius is historically inaccurate; but dramatically it is significant, as it foreshadows the partnership of Antony and Octavius. Shakespeare, as usual, sacrifices strict historical fact for dramatic effect.

SCENE II.—15th March, 44 B.C.

III. ii. 1. The citizens are more or less neutral; though they wonder at the murder of Cæsar, they feel that "noble Brutus" will adequately explain all.

III. ii. 12. Analyse carefully the arguments by which Brutus justifies the death of Cæsar. Observe the mechanical structure of the speech, its balanced phrasing and its emotionless style. Notice the short, pithy expressions by which he hopes to appeal to the people's "reason," the extreme brevity of a speech on so great a topic, and the absence of any attempt to illustrate his general statements with particular examples. Can such a purely academic oration as this be expected to produce any *lasting* impression on a mob? To discover what is lacking in this speech, compare it with that of Antony.

III. ii. 41. According to Plutarch, Brutus had already addressed "certain of the Senators and many of the people" in the Capitol, and they, being well satisfied, persuaded him to come and address the public.

III. ii. 67–77. Observe that the people's mind is certainly not neutral now; they will listen to Antony merely on sufferance, they are warm admirers of Brutus and they believe that "Cæsar was a tyrant." Antony's task is thus rendered all the more difficult, and his success all the more noteworthy.

III. ii. 78 ff. This speech divides itself into four main parts, interspersed with clamorous observations of the crowd which show us what effect the speaker is producing:

(i) Flattery (which becomes increasingly and more patently sarcastic) of Brutus and his friends, and instances of Cæsar's praiseworthiness.

(ii) More open attempt to associate Cæsar with the common people, especially by suggestive references to the will which rouse his hearers' curiosity.

(iii) An effusion of pure sentiment calculated to rouse the pity of the crowd.

(iv) Further sarcasm at the expense of Brutus and his friends, and indirect incitement of the people to mutiny, followed by the reading of the will.

III. ii. 113 ff. The opinion of the mob is evidently changing in Antony's favour. Brutus seems to be forgotten already, and Antony is emboldened to speak more closely to his purpose.

III. ii. 138. An echo of Decius on Calpurnia's dream, and of Brutus just after the murder.

III. ii. 156. The frequent repetition of the phrase "honourable men" has now turned it into a term of

bitter reproach. Count the number of times Antony uses it in the course of his speech.

III. ii. 173 ff. The first line of this section is the index of the whole: it is an appeal to sentiment and passion. Fingering the mantle of Cæsar as he speaks, Antony produces such an effect that his hearers hang on every word.

III. ii. 195–6. Another example of Antony's masterly use of the power of suggestion. Is he keeping the promise he has made to Brutus who said, "You shall not in your funeral speech blame us"?

III. ii. 243. The people are so passionately excited that they have completely forgotten the will, but Antony is not content to build the arch of revolt without putting in the keystone.

III. ii. 267 ff. A further reference to Octavius, dramatically foreshadowing his coming importance.

SCENE III.—15th March, 44 B.C.

This scene, really a continuation of Scene ii., simply shows us the effect of Antony's speech on the mob, who, in their frenzy, slay Cinna, the poet, merely because he bears the same name as one of the conspirators.

QUESTIONS ON THE THIRD ACT

1. Imagine you are an onlooker at the meeting of the Senate; describe what you see and hear up to the moment of Cæsar's death, interspersing your own reflections.

2. Describe Antony's conduct in the presence of the conspirators after the murder.

3. Compare the estimates of Brutus and Cassius in reference to Antony's character.

4. Show the truth of the following criticism of Brutus: "He addresses a Roman mob as if he were reasoning with students in a philosophic school."—DOWDEN.

5. Show in your own words, but with occasional quotations, the steps by which Antony wins the people over to his side.

6. Compare Brutus and Antony as orators; what kind of audience would each prefer?

7. Describe the events of the Forum Scene as the First Citizen might have described them to his wife on his return home.

8. Compose an extra scene, either in blank verse or in prose, in which Cassius addresses the crowd "in the other street."

9. What characteristics of a mob are brought out in this Act?

10. Analyse the character of Antony as it is exhibited in this Act.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—November, 43 B.C.

IV. i. 1. Antony has now risen to a position of supreme power in the state. He, along with the other members of the Triumvirate, is engaged on the task of proscription.

IV. i. 6. Notice that Octavius alone does not sacrifice a relative.

IV. i. 8–9. What new light does this throw on Antony's character?

IV. i. 10. Notice how weak in character Lepidus is, but observe especially what advantage of his weakness Antony is ready to take.

IV. i. 41–42. From the dramatic point of view, the reference to Brutus and Cassius, who "are levying powers," is a hint of the flight of time in spite of the general scheme of a rushing sequence of events. It also indicates the state of affairs, and foreshadows the struggle between the Triumvirate (representing Cæsarism) and Brutus and Cassius (representing Republicanism).

SCENE II.—42 B.C.

IV. ii. 37 ff. Besides preparing us for the quarrel, this scene shows us the armies of Brutus and Cassius actually in being. The military atmosphere is now definitely established.

SCENE III.—Same date as Scene ii.

Of this scene, Coleridge remarks: "I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman, than this scene between Brutus and Cassius."

IV. iii. 1–5. Brutus still maintains his ascendency over Cassius in military affairs as he did in the plot against Cæsar; he has therefore been using his power of criticism and veto.

IV. iii. 18–28. "This is the very fanaticism of righteousness, and it stirs Cassius to an outbreak of choler which Brutus answers in kind."—BOAS.

IV. iii. 19–21. Do we see here the dawn of disillusionment? Up to now he has not even suspected the motives of his fellow-conspirators.

IV. iii. 23. Did Brutus or any of the conspirators charge

Cæsar on this count before they murdered him? The accusation certainly adds weight to Brutus's argument, but is it true? Plutarch expressly states that Cæsar "neither pilled nor polled the country"; and Coleridge, following Plutarch, explains the charge thus: "This seemingly strange assertion of Brutus is unhappily verified in the present day. What is an immense army, in which the lust of plunder has quenched all the duties of the citizen, other than a horde of robbers, or differenced only as fiends are from ordinarily reprobate men? Cæsar supported, and was supported by, such as these;—and even so Bonaparte in our days."

IV. iii. 25. "Our large honours" has probably a double significance: (i) the offices of trust which they were able to confer, and (ii) their honourable reputation.

IV. iii. 28–92. Dowden remarks: "Brutus maintains a lofty position of immaculate honour above Cassius; but ideals, and a heroic contempt for gold, will not fill the military coffer, or pay the legions. . . ." Brutus is clearly not himself in this quarrel; can we account for this lapse from his wonted coolness on other than idealistic grounds?

IV. iii. 69–70. "The poetry of noble sentiment suddenly drops down to the prosaic complaint that Cassius had denied the demands made by Brutus for certain sums of money."—DOWDEN.

Moreover, would not this gold that he needed be the very "trash" which he has been so forcibly condemning?

IV. iii. 84–85. The passion of the injured Cassius is subsiding, and he is already paving the way towards reconciliation. Do you count this weakness or strength on his part?

IV. iii. 93–107. Cassius, dejected, feels the overawing presence of Brutus. Is his dejection a mere pose, or does he really feel himself wrongfully thwarted?

IV. iii. 107 ff. Brutus, on his part, comes to himself and, with largeness of heart, repents.

IV. iii. 124–42. This break in the Quarrel Scene, dramatically considered, smooths over the reconciliation; after it, Brutus and Cassius can talk together in the calmness of restored friendship. "Shakespeare, in his infinite pity for human error and frailty, makes us love Brutus and Cassius the better through the little wrongs which bring the great wealth of their love and true fraternity to light."—DOWDEN.

IV. iii. 143–62. This touching episode comes at the moment when their hearts are most tenderly drawn to each other in the renewal of love. Brutus's simple announcement that Portia is dead is the utterance of the calm Stoic, and when he requests Cassius to "Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine," he is acting as Portia would have wished. "To live in her spirit of Stoicism becomes now the highest act of religion to her memory."—DOWDEN. Note, too, the loving admiration of Cassius, who "cannot drink too much of Brutus' love."

IV. iii. 194–5. Though the Epicurean philosophy of Cassius taught him to bear trials with fortitude, he feels that he would have been unequal to such a task as this, and his admiration for Brutus is unbounded.

IV. iii. 198–225. Brutus, well-meaning but misguided as ever, imposes his will upon Cassius, who is never able or determined enough to carry his point. It is the crowning blunder of Brutus who now, without his usual plea of moral principle, presumes to be all-wise in military tactics!

He will not even hear out the opposing argument (l. 213), and Cassius must needs give in.

IV. iii. 239–74. Lucius is the only one of the characters in the play whom Shakespeare "created," and through him we see the tenderness and beauty of Brutus's private life. Detached for the moment from the pressing affairs of the day, Brutus seeks comfort in his favourite book and in the strains of music. But it is his thoughtfulness for his servants that impresses us most; "Brutus, who at the call of duty and honour could plunge his dagger into Cæsar, cannot wake a sleeping boy. . . . There is nothing more tender in the plays of Shakespeare than this scene." —DOWDEN.

The dramatic placing of this touching episode must be noted: it comes as a relief from the strain of external events—just after the decision to march on Philippi has been taken, and just before the final struggle is entered upon.

IV. iii. 274. Enter the Ghost of Cæsar: With dramatic insight Shakespeare turns the "evil spirit" of Plutarch into the "spirit of Cæsar" which has been "ranging for revenge" ever since the murder. It comes as "a supernatural foreshadowing of the end."

IV. iii. 288. Can you suggest why Shakespeare makes the ghost vanish when Brutus "has taken heart"?

QUESTIONS ON THE FOURTH ACT

1. What fresh light is thrown on Antony's character in the Triumvirate Scene.

2. Compare the behaviour of Brutus and of Cassius towards each other during the Quarrel Scene.

3. Describe the Quarrel Scene as Cassius might have described it in a letter to a friend. Pay special attention to (*a*) the beginning of the quarrel, (*b*) the reconciliation, (*c*) the announcement of Portia's death.

4. What points of character are brought out in (*a*) the quarrel, (*b*) the reconciliation?

5. Reproduce, in your own words, the argument between Brutus and Cassius on the wisdom of fighting at Philippi.

ACT FIFTH

The five scenes of this Act depict what seems to be one battle, but in reality two battles were fought at Philippi, one twenty days after the other. Octavius was not present at the first. It is an instance of dramatic "compression."

SCENE I.—October, 42 B.C.

V. i. 1–12. This conversation emphasises the mistake made by Brutus, hoped for but hardly expected by Antony and Octavius. The ultimate failure of such leadership is clearly foreshadowed.

V. i. 16–20. An interesting variation of Plutarch (see pp. 161–2).

V. i. 21–66. This altercation between the leaders, forced on by Brutus, brings home to the latter the plain truth concerning the murder of Cæsar, however much he may have theorised about it at the time.

V. i. 34–38. Expand and explain the sustained metaphor of the bees.

V. i. 45–47. To what is Cassius referring? Does he not seem to be preparing himself for defeat and death?

V. i. 56–62. Compare the dignified replies of Brutus with the peevish abuse of Cassius.

V. i. 77–89. Waning prospects can bring even Cassius to believe in portents. "This lends the authority of the invisible world to our sense that the conspirators' cause is doomed."—MOULTON. *Cf.* Brutus and Cæsar's spirit in the last scene.

V. i. 101–14. Brutus plainly condemns suicide here, and then, when Cassius asks him a pointed question on the matter, he seems suddenly to change his mind. In North's translation of Plutarch, a wrong rendering of the original is given, a correct interpretation of Amyot (and of Plutarch) being: "In the younger and less experienced part of my life, I was led, upon philosophical principles, to condemn the conduct of Cato in killing himself. I thought it at once impious and unmanly to sink beneath the stroke of fortune, or to refuse the lot that had befallen us. In my present situation, however, I am of a different opinion."—LANGHORNE.

But is this sudden change necessarily a blemish in characterisation? Can you justify it?

V. i. 111–14. Note how both Brutus and Cassius, the one a Stoic and the other an Epicurean, have both found it necessary to desert their philosophic principles.

SCENE III.

V. iii. 23–25. Cassius, in despair, still keeps up our sympathy in this sentimental touch.

V. iii. 33–46. The Fates are against them; Cassius, the better soldier, is the first to suffer defeat.

V. iii. 80–83. Again the over-ruling power of Fate reveals itself: it was in mistake that Cassius killed himself.

V. iii. 94–96. Brutus now understands the full significance of all that has transpired since the assassination of Cæsar. In killing the man, they were setting free a greater power which was destined to turn upon them in remorseless revenge.

V. iii. 99–103. A noble tribute to the worth of Cassius, who, with all his apparent faults, compels our admiration in the light of such words as these.

V. iii. 109–10. This "second fight" in reality took place twenty days after the first. Note the inconsistency of lines 60 and 109 with regard to the time of day.

SCENE IV.

The attempt of Lucilius to save the life of Brutus is characteristic of the devotion of the hero's followers towards their leader. Our regard for Brutus continues to increase to the end. Note the point of Antony's kind dealing with Lucilius—as if for Brutus' sake.

SCENE V.

V. v. 50. These last words, like those of Cassius, are artistically significant. It was the living Cæsar who had stirred the conspirators to action; it is the dead Cæsar who has been the means of their undoing.

V. v. 68–75. This wonderful testimony of Antony to the nobility and purity of Brutus is a fitting conclusion. Whatever may have been the failings of Brutus in the positive world, his moral uprightness is acclaimed by friends and foes alike. "For him the true failure would have been disloyalty to his ideals. Of such failure he suffered none. Octavius and Mark Antony remained victors at Philippi. Yet the purest wreath of victory rests on the forehead of the defeated conspirator."—DOWDEN.

QUESTIONS ON THE FIFTH ACT

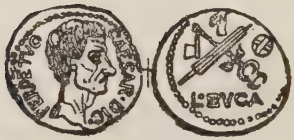
1. What incidents occur in this Act to increase our admiration of Brutus?

2. How is the influence of Cæsar made to assert itself in these battle scenes?

3. What incidents make us feel that Fate is working against Brutus and Cassius?

4. How do Antony and Octavius give practical proof of their admiration of Brutus?

5. Describe briefly the battle of Philippi.



DRACHMA

THE IDEA OF THE PLAY

In any great work of art, whether literature, painting or music, there may generally be found some central idea which forms a kind of foundation of the whole structure. A play of Shakespeare is no exception to the rule, and it is interesting to try to discover this leading theme and thus to give a broad interpretation to the story as a whole. But opinions often differ as to what the central idea actually is, for, unlike the "moral" of a fable, it is never made too obvious. It remains, therefore, for the individual to decide for himself what *to him* is the underlying message.

Suggestions may, however, be made by the present writer, to indicate what appear to be some of the basic thoughts of the play. The whole background is, of course, historical and political. Whether Shakespeare was interested enough in the political fortunes of an ancient state—or, indeed, of any state—to make these the main subject of his drama is, however, open to doubt. For countless generations Rome had enjoyed the traditions of republican liberty; but the inexorable law of change was already working its effects in the Roman world, and now there came upon the scene one who "bestrode the narrow world like a Colossus," and who was a king in all but name. The malcontents,

harnessing to their service the powerful influence of a noble idealist, determined to stem the flowing tide of monarchy; but, untutored in their zeal, they misread the signs of their age. The time had come when the Able-man was needed, and though the conspirators might kill Cæsar in the flesh, they were powerless to quell the spirit which they thus set free. Are we not reminded of this need as one of the citizens, after hearing the speech of Brutus in the Forum, cries aloud, " Let *him* be Cæsar! " ? The machinations of those who would stay the wheel of Change were doomed to failure; republicanism had run its course, and if Julius Cæsar himself was destined not to wield the sceptre of supreme authority, the mantle of power was to fall on Antony and, later, on Octavius.

But more important than the message of History is the message of Tragedy. With *Julius Cæsar*, Shakespeare's work entered upon a new phase; he now became deeply interested in the problems of the human soul. Out of his imagination he presents to us the study of a man whose life is one of moral perfection, but, who, in dealing with the great practical affairs of life, is destined to fail. Brutus is ever " an honourable man," never swerving from the path of virtue; he is a theorist and conceives all things from the high altitude of his own idealism. But he is confronted with a great task. Either he must recognise that it is a black crime in which he is participating, and, by adopting every available measure and throwing scruples to the winds, succeed; or he must construe his fell

purpose into a noble cause, and, clinging to the methods of high-souled purity, fail. Does he realise that it is this choice that he has to make? The struggle between conscience and reason is a bitter one for Brutus, but he makes up his mind that the cords of personal esteem and love must be broken for the sake of Rome itself. The philosophical Brutus, untrained in the practical affairs of the world, leads a band of conspirators in their campaign of villainy, but, since he fails to recognise it as such, will not permit the methods of villainy. He spares Antony—with what result? He cannot think evil of others, for he himself knows none. He looks no further ahead than the mere killing of Cæsar, assuming that Rome will accept his "reasons" and that Cæsar will be forgotten. But disillusionment soon follows. He is called upon to convince Rome, not by specious theories, but by the force of arms. Here, too, he is still Brutus; unversed in the "nice offences" of warfare as well as in military tactics, he courts disaster, and his cause is doomed to failure. In the midst of worldly defeats, however, he claims spiritual victory:

> I shall have glory by this losing day,
> More than Octavius and Mark Antony
> By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

And this is in complete accord with his whole life: inward purity and lofty idealism are more to him than outward splendour and worldly magnificence. He has lived apart from the world and its affairs, and it would be contrary to human experience that such a

man should conquer the living force which he himself set free on the fateful Ides of March. The final revelation comes to him at last:

> O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet!
> Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
> In our own proper entrails.

SHAKESPEARE'S DEBT TO PLUTARCH

THE play of *Julius Cæsar* is not merely based on Roman history, but it actually *is* Roman history—dramatised. The personages and events are not, as in the historical novel, mainly fictitious; they are real. The substance of the "plot" Shakespeare obtained from an English translation of the *Lives* of celebrated Greeks and Romans, written by Plutarch, a Greek historian of the first century of the Christian era. The *Lives* were translated into French in the 16th century by Jacques Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre, and his version was rendered into English by Sir Thomas North, whose first edition was published in 1579. Three of these *Lives*—the biographies of Cæsar, Brutus and Antony—provide the story of our play.

But biography is not drama, and it is Shakespeare's manipulation of his historical facts that interests all of us who would pry into the secrets of his constructive art. The author had first of all to choose such a series of events as would lend itself to dramatic handling, by providing matter for an "intrigue" and a "catastrophe"; and having made this choice he had to select from the full historical narrative just those incidents, and those alone, which were germane to the central idea in his mind. As for the wonderful

transformation of simple narrative into a unified dramatic structure of compelling interest, and of plain prose into lofty verse of vital power, we can only marvel at and admire the result.

To obtain dramatic unity, the process of " selection " entailed the cutting out of many episodes which, though important enough in themselves, had little or no bearing on the main theme; thus, between the events of Acts III. and IV. a long period of time had elapsed, during which many other events had taken place, including a long estrangement between Antony and Octavius. As a result of this curtailment we get what is usually spoken of as " compression "—events really separated by weeks, months or even years are brought together as if in close sequence. This is necessary in order to keep the play within proper limits and to prevent an unduly large number of short scenes which would be but loosely connected. Thus, Cæsar's " triumph " (October, 45 B.C.) and the Lupercalia (15th February, 44 B.C.) are synchronised in Act I., Scenes i. and ii.; the murder, the reading of the will, the funeral and Antony's speech all take place on the same day in the play, but in reality these events were spread over six days; and the two battles at Philippi, which were separated by an interval of about three weeks, are combined.

On the other hand, for the sake of impressiveness and the intensifying of character, Shakespeare amplified certain episodes. Out of his rare imagination, he transformed Plutarch's meagre details into thrilling

scenes, *e.g.* the speech of Marullus (I. i.) condemning those who rejoiced at Cæsar's triumph, Antony's eloquent oration in the Forum, and the tender reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius in the Quarrel Scene. The effectiveness of these amplifications can only be realised by comparing the passages in the play with the corresponding parts of Plutarch (see pp. 162–7), and by carefully reflecting on the dramatic significance of the changes made.

Not only does Shakespeare curtail or amplify events, but he also follows a similar plan in dealing with his chief characters. If he wishes to exalt Brutus as "the noblest Roman of them all," he omits to mention the damaging facts concerning usury, divorce, and military plunder, and enhances his hero's gentleness of character by inventing those tender relations of his with Lucius. If he wishes Cassius to appear as a fit colleague of the noble Brutus, he smooths down the bitterness of Cassius's personal animosity against Cæsar.

Again, with a keen sense of dramatic effect, Shakespeare rearranges certain details of Plutarch's narrative. Of several examples of this rearrangement only two need be cited. One is in reference to Portia's death, which Plutarch records but barely, and that quite at the end of his *Life of Brutus*; but how sensational the news of Portia's death becomes as Brutus announces it to Cassius! His pent-up grief seems to account for his unwonted irritability in the quarrel which has just ended. The other instance occurs in connection with the disposition of the military

command at Philippi. Antony and Octavius join in a brief altercation (V. i.) as to which of them shall command the right wing and which the left; but there is no mention of this in Plutarch, where we find a similar, but friendly, discussion between Brutus and Cassius. In Shakespeare's rearrangement of the episode we are given a hint of Octavius' self-assertiveness and future greatness.

But however Shakespeare may have modified the story of Plutarch by embellishing an episode here, or omitting an incident there, his story remains, in its essentials, as he found it. The historian must needs record facts; but the poet, working under no such limitation, aims at idealising the situations he meets, so as to emphasise the great principles of life.

The following extracts from North's *Plutarch* will serve to illustrate what has been said. Some are quoted as examples of the close resemblance between Shakespeare and Plutarch, whether in narrative or in verbal expression; others are given to show differences between the two, and it will be profitable to reflect on the reasons which account for the changes made. The passages printed in italic indicate some of the notable differences mentioned above.

(*a*) *The Tribunes' Displeasure* (*I. i.*)

There were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diadems upon their heads like kings. Those the two tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled down,

and furthermore, meeting with them that first saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison.

(*b*) *Cæsar's Suspicion regarding Cassius* (*I. ii.*)

Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much; whereupon he said on a time to his friends, "What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks." Another time, when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him: he answered them again, "As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads," quoth he, "I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people I fear them most," meaning Brutus and Cassius.

(*c*) *The Anonymous Messages to Brutus* (*I. ii. and iii.; II. i.*)

Now they that desired change, and wished Brutus only their prince and governor above all other, they durst not come to him themselves to tell him what they would have him do, but in the night did cast sundry papers into the Prætor's seat, where he gave audience, and the most of them to this effect: "Thou sleepest, Brutus, and art not Brutus, indeed." Cassius, finding Brutus' ambition stirred up the more by these seditious bills, did prick him forward and egg him on the more, for a private quarrel he had conceived against Cæsar.

(*d*) *Cicero and the Conspirators* (*II. i.*)

They durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly and trusted best: *for they were afraid that he, being a coward by nature, and age having also increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, the which specially required hot and earnest execution.*

(*e*) *Brutus and Portia* (*II. i.*)

Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all[1] she spake in this sort unto him: "I being, O Brutus," said she, "the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee; not to be thy bed-fellow and companion in bed and at board only, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thyself, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match: but for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely; but yet, Brutus, good education and the company of virtuous men have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit, moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato,

[1] *I.e.* due to the razor-wound which she had inflicted upon herself in the thigh.

and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience, that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me."

(*f*) *Artemidorus* (*II. iii. and III. i.*)

And one Artemidorus also, born in the isle of Gnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, . . . came and brought him (Cæsar) a little bill, written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He, marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said: "Cæsar, read this memorial to yourself, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight and touch you nearly." *Cæsar took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it. for the number of people that did salute him: but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himself, went on withal into the Senate-house.*

(*g*) *Brutus's Speech to the Citizens* (*III. ii.*)

When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehells of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir; yet, being ashamed to do it, for the reverence they bore unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. When Brutus began to speak, they gave him quiet audience: *howbeit, immediately after, they showed that they were not all*

contented with the murther. For when another, called Cinna, would have spoken, and began to accuse Cæsar, they fell into a great uproar and marvellously reviled him.

(*h*) *Antony's Funeral Speech* (*III. ii.*)

Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it.

(*i*) *The Triumvirate and the Proscriptions* (*IV. i.*)

Thereupon all three met together (to wit, Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus) *in an iland environed round about with a little river, and there remained three days together.* Now as touching all other matters they were easily agreed, and did divide all the empire of Rome between them, as if it had been their own inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one of them would kill their enemies, and save their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their enemies, they spurned all reverence of blood and holiness of friendship at their feet. . . . They

condemned 300 of the chiefest citizens of Rome to be put to death by proscription.

(*j*) *Portia's Death* (*IV. iii.*)

And for Porcia, Brutus' wife, Nicolaus the Philosopher, and Valerius Maximus do write, that she, determining to kill herself (her parents and friends carefully looking to her to keep her from it), took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself.

THE DATE OF THE PLAY

It is unfortunate, in some ways, that Shakespeare left no record of the dates of any of his plays. The first collected edition of them appeared in 1623, seven years after the poet's death, and this edition is always referred to as the First Folio. Some of the plays had appeared earlier than this in various forms; in fact, a list of Shakespearean plays is given in Francis Meres' *Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury*, published in 1598. Those mentioned by Meres, therefore, must have been written not later than 1598. But *Julius Cæsar* is not in the list; hence we conclude that it is of later date.

Another piece of external evidence is found in John Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, published in 1601. But as Weever states in his Dedication that the work "some two years ago was made fit for the print," we may conclude that the following passage, which occurs therein, was written in 1599, though it *may* have been added just before going to press:

> The many-headed multitude were drawn
> By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious.
> When eloquent Mark Antony had shown
> His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?

This so aptly characterises the Forum Scene (which Shakespeare "created" rather than borrowed from

Plutarch) that we may assume that it is a direct reference to our play, which must therefore have been written not later than 1599.

Other circumstantial evidence in support of this conclusion is found in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour*, which, published in 1599, contains two passages which remind us at once of lines in *Julius Cæsar*:

(i) "Then coming to the pretty animal, as *Reason long since is fled to animals*, you know." (*Cf. Julius Cæsar*, Act III. Sc. ii., l. 110.)

(ii) "Et tu, Brute." (*Cf. Julius Cæsar*, Act III. Sc. i., l. 77.)

This evidence, taken by itself, would not be of much account, especially as regards (ii); but taken with the preceding reference, it seems confirmatory.

We may, therefore, regard the date of *Julius Cæsar* as not earlier than 1599, though some scholars date it about a year later.

THE POETRY OF THE PLAY

THE mysteries of beautiful poetry can never be analysed; they can only be felt and admired. Poetry possesses qualities, suggestive and imaginative, which clearly distinguish it from ordinary prose, and some of these qualities owe at least part of their effect to literary forms which can be considered. When Antony, for instance, in addressing the body of Cæsar, says, "Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart; here didst thou fall," his words conjure up in our mind ideas which give warmth and colour to his meaning.

It is a fascinating study to examine the metaphors, similes and other figures of speech which give such enrichment to the ideas expressed, and the following examples merely suggest what should be carried out more fully:

(i) SIMILE (*i.e.* a striking likeness between two things which are in other ways dissimilar). *E.g.:*

> Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
> Like a Colossus.

In this short utterance, Cassius expresses a meaning of which half the force would be lost without that apt comparison.

(ii) METAPHOR (*i.e.* an implied comparison). The

actual likeness is not literally expressed, but is taken for granted, and we should mentally expand each metaphor into its corresponding simile to test and to appreciate its aptness. *E.g.:*

> What need we any spur but our own cause
> To prick us to redress?

Brutus means: "As the pricking of the spur urges on the horse, so the merits of our cause ought to urge us toward securing redress."

In the metaphor, not only is there the vividness of a striking comparison, but also neatness and compactness of expression.

A metaphor may be *sustained* by means of a series of images belonging to the same set of ideas. *E.g.:*

> There is a *tide* in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken *at the flood*, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, *all the voyage* of their life
> Is bound *in shallows* and in miseries.
> *On such a full sea are we now afloat;*
> And we must take *the current when it serves,*
> Or lose our *ventures.*

(iii) METONYMY (*i.e.* "change of name"; describing one thing by naming another thing closely associated with it). *E.g.:*

> What watchful cares do interpose themselves
> Betwixt your *eyes* and *night.*

Eyes means wakefulness; *night* means sleep.

(iv) ANTITHESIS (placing together two contrasted words or ideas). *E.g.:*

(*a*) *Good words* are better than *bad strokes*, Octavius.

(*b*) The *evil* that men do *lives after them*;
The *good* is oft *interred with their bones*.

Each of these passages contains double antithesis.

(v) PERSONIFICATION (ascribing to ideas or inanimate objects the qualities of living beings). *E.g.:*

(*a*) So let high-sighted Tyranny range on.

(*b*) Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.

(vi) APOSTROPHE (addressing a place, or a person —generally absent or dead—or an abstract idea). *E.g.:*

(*a*) Mischief, thou art afoot.

(*b*) Cæsar, now be still.

(vii) EXCLAMATION (*i.e.* a statement "thrown in"—like an interjection—to indicate strong feeling). *E g.:*

O! what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

(viii) CLIMAX (a series of words or statements arranged in ascending order of force). *E.g.:*

As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him.

(ix) INTERROGATION (an assertion put in the form of a question, the answer being anticipated by the context). *E.g.:*

(*a*) Who is here so rude that he would not be a Roman?

(*b*) Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

METRE AND SCANSION

Shakespeare's plays are written in blank verse, that is in unrhymed lines of ten syllables, each line containing five stresses. The normal blank-verse line is thus divided into five equal " feet " of two syllables, the first syllable being unstressed and the second stressed (ˊ). *E.g.:*

Ingrát|itúde | more stróng | than tráit|ors' árms |
Quite ván|quish'd hím; | then búrst | his mígh|ty heárt.|

But if all the lines were " normal," the very regularity would cause monotony. Shakespeare therefore introduces many variations, which give life to the metre by enabling it to express different notions, *e.g.* speed, excitement, crisis, etc. This is all the more important in dramatic verse, which, of course, is to be spoken on the stage.

Much discussion may arise out of the scansion of extraordinary lines, but, in general, the usual five stresses will be found; the arrangement of syllables and feet, in lines which are not strictly normal, will,

as a rule, conform to one or other of the following modifications:

(*a*) WEAK STRESS—where a relatively insignificant word or syllable, while being accented, is only lightly stressed (ˋ). *E.g.:*

(i) I foúnd | it ìn | his clós|et, 'tís | his wíll. |
(ii) But Í | am cóns|tant às | the nórth|ern stár, |
Of whóse | true-fíx'd | and rést|ing qúal|ityˋ |
There ís | no fél|low ín | the fírm|amént. |
(iii) And Cæs|ar's spír|it ráng|ing fòr | revénge. |

(*b*) INTERCHANGE OF STRESSED AND UNSTRESSED SYLLABLES.—This is usually found after a pause in the sense, and thus often occurs at the beginning of a line, or about the middle of a line. *E.g.:*

(i) Géntle|men áll, |—alás! | whát shall | I sáy? |
(ii) Wóe to | the hánd | that shéd | this cóst|ly blóod. |
(iii) To cást | intò | my téeth. | Ó! I | could wéep. |

(*c*) EXTRA SYLLABLES—the addition of an extra unaccented syllable at the end or in the middle of a line. Sometimes more than one foot in a line contains such a syllable. This introduction of additional syllables does not interfere with the rhythm, but it makes a line *hypermetrical. E.g.:*

(i) Cæsar | was mígh|ty, bóld, | róyal, | and lóv|(ing).
(ii) For cér|tain súms | of góld | which yóu | deniéd | (me).
(iii) Só let | it bé | with Cæ(sar). | The nó|ble Brú|(tus).

This extra unstressed syllable at the end of a line is called a " double ending," or a " feminine ending," and is much commoner in Shakespeare's later plays than in the earlier ones.

(*d*) SLURRING AND ELISION—*i.e.* (*a*) running two short unstressed syllables together in the room of one ; and (*b*) dropping a vowel out of a word, *e.g.* : Antony (= Antny); the other (= th' other); heaven (= heav'n). *E.g.:*

(i) I was súre | your lórd|ship dìd | not gíve | it mé. |

(ii) Let me sée, | let me sée; | is nòt | the leáf | turn'd dówn? |

(iii) Set hón|our ìn | óne eye | and deáth | i' th' óth|er.

(iv) Being cróssed | in cón|f(e)rence bỳ | some sén|atòrs. |

(*e*) OMISSION OF A SYLLABLE, whether unstressed (as is most common) or stressed. Such omission gives time for some gesture or pause on the part of the speaker without upsetting the rhythm of the line ; sometimes it produces merely an intentional jar. *E.g.:*

(i) Flátter|ers! ′ | Now Brú|tus, thánk | yoursélf. |

During the pause, Cassius turns to Brutus.

(ii) He's tá'en; | [*Shout.*] | and, hárk! | they shóut | for jóy. |

(iii) Í must | go ín. | Ay mé! | how wéak | a thíng |
The heárt | of wóm|an ìs. | O Brú|tus! ′ |

Portia here, overcome, heaves a sigh.

(*f*) IRREGULAR LINES, especially short lines, *e.g.* in the middle of a passionate speech; also in brief question and exclamations. But there are some lines which have six stressed syllables; these are called Alexandrines.[1] *E.g.:*

(i) And thése | does shè | applý | for wárn|ings àǹd | porténts. |

(ii) The óld | Anchís|es beár, | só from | the wáves | of Tí|ber.

[1] The tendency has been to regard these lines as having only five stresses, the extra syllables being accounted for by slurring, elision, etc. But there seems to be no valid reason for this.

COIN REFERRING TO THE IDES OF MARCH

GENERAL QUESTIONS

Plot and Character

1. What is Shakespeare's conception of the character of Julius Cæsar in this play? Is it consistent with history? Account for the author's attitude.

2. Contrast Brutus with Cassius (*a*) as a judge of men, (*b*) as a practical politician.

3. What estimates are given (*a*) of Cassius by Cæsar, (*b*) of Antony by Brutus? Discuss, with references or quotations, how far each of these estimates is just.

4. Which of the conspirators disappear from the play after the murder? Can you suggest why?

5. Show how the plot of the play may be likened to an arch, the key-stone being the murder of Cæsar.

6. What feeling is shown by (*a*) Cassius, (*b*) Brutus, (*c*) Cæsar, with regard to omens and the supernatural?

7. Compare the characters of Portia and Calpurnia in relation to the part they play in the story.

8. Illustrate the overmastering authority of Brutus over his fellows and discuss its effect.

9. Enumerate the great "mistakes" made by Brutus.

10. How is the continued influence of Cæsar after the murder made evident?

11. What instances do you find in the play of the power of Nemesis ("the goddess of Retribution")?

12. *Julius Cæsar* has been called "a tragedy of signs and omens, of dreams and premonitions." Illustrate this description and show how these supernatural visitations intensify the dramatic effect.

13. Write an essay on Brutus (*a*) as a politician, (*b*) as a soldier, (*c*) as a man.

14. What ideas do you gather as to the character and behaviour of a crowd?

15. Relate the following quotations to their context, and add any necessary explanations of meaning or allusion:

(i) disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

(ii) Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

(iii) Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.

(iv) My life is run his compass.

(v) There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

(vi) Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd by motion.

(vii) How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er.

(viii) All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar.

(ix) Cæsar, now be still.

(x) Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion.

(xi) How vilely doth this cynic rhyme.

(xii) A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts, and imitations.

(xiii) Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling.

(xiv) For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

(xv) 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.

(xvi) The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

(xvii) But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

(xviii) Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue.

(xix) Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

(xx) When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

(xxi) To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

(xxii) Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?

(xxiii) You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion.

(xxiv) These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch.

(xxv) Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.

(xxvi) Great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.

(xxvii) All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.

Shakespeare's Debt

16. What would seem to you to be the chief difficulties in writing an historical drama?

17. Give as many instances as you can of "compression" in the play. What is the purpose of this device?

18. Compare Antony's oration in the Forum with Plutarch's account (p. 166), and show the effect of Shakespeare's imagination with regard to (*a*) Antony's power of rhetoric, and (*b*) the characteristics of the mob.

19. What purpose does Shakespeare serve in making Brutus seem more virtuous than he really was?

20. How far may we regard *Julius Cæsar* as reliable history?

The Idea of the Play

21. Do you regard *Julius Cæsar* primarily as History or as Tragedy? Give reasons.

22. Sum up in a sentence what you consider to be Shakespeare's central idea in the play, and then discuss the matter.

23. Compare the Julius Cæsar of history (see Introduction) with the Julius Cæsar of the play. What is the dramatic reason for this difference?

24. Do you consider Brutus as the hero of the play? If so, why is the play called *Julius Cæsar*?

The Poetry of the Play

25. What is a metaphor, and what is its purpose? Collect four examples from Act I., Scene ii., and expand each one into the corresponding simile.

26. What is meant by (*a*) Metonymy; (*b*) Climax; (*c*) Antithesis? Give an example of each, and show how it renders the passage more impressive.

27. Collect from Act IV. two examples of each of the following figures of speech: Simile, Metaphor, Metonymy, Interrogation, Antithesis.

28. What figures of speech are used in the following quotations?

(*a*) For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

(*b*) O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

(*c*) I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
(*d*) Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
(*e*) How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
(*f*) Dwell I but in the suburbs of your good pleasure?
(*g*) There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune;
Honour for his valour; and death for his ambition.
(*h*) Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.
(*i*) My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar.
(*j*) He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

29. What is blank verse? Illustrate by quoting from memory any passage of about six lines.

30. What kinds of "variations" of blank verse do you know? Give an example of each.

31. Scan the lines of the following passages:

(*a*) Act II. Scene iv. last six lines.
(*b*) Act I. Scene i. ll. 54–60.
(*c*) Act I. Scene iii. ll 134–41.
(*d*) Act V. Scene iii. ll. 80–84.

32. Mention the five scenes in which prose is used. In each case try to account for the use of prose instead of verse.

AN ACTING APPENDIX

By Evelyn Smith, B.A., Author of *Form-Room Plays*

Julius Cæsar is a play particularly suitable for acting in school or college, in whole or in part, by boys, girls or grown-ups, in form-room or hall. The dramatic development is clear and straightforward. The classical dress may be managed without much expenditure of time and money, and its flowing outline makes sex-disguise, still necessary for some of the actors in the majority of school companies, easy and effective. If few actors are available there are single scenes of strong interest, such as that in which Cassius works upon Brutus, persuading him to join the conspiracy against Cæsar, and the famous quarrel scene in Act IV. If it is desirable to " bring everyone in," the scene in Brutus's garden at the dawn of the Ides of March, and the assassination of Cæsar, will provide plenty of scope for both more and less gifted. Most boys and girls can " do " a crowd quite well; in this play, as in *Coriolanus*, the mob is a character in itself, and one in which it is interesting and exciting to act.

The play, as it stands, or with very few cuts, will interest an audience of average middle and upper school boys and girls, for most of the long speeches are stirring; but, if time or memory power must be considered, it may be shortened fairly satisfactorily. Of course, in any cut version of Shakespeare fine shades and harmonies must go, but, as it is possible for a simplified version of the work of a great musician to give real pleasure and to retain what is most essential, the theme or melody or tune, it

is possible to show the main dramatic motives of a great tragedy without doing violence to the whole. Any re-arrangement which is to leave the play as a five-act one should make clear:

1. The aim of the jealous Cassius to destroy Cæsar; his single-minded struggle, first against Cæsar and then against Cæsar's avenger, Antony; his tragic mistake (which probably was unavoidable) in drawing Brutus into the conspiracy, a mistake which led to his failure and destruction.

2. The conflict in the mind of Brutus between the claims of friendship and patriotism; his necessarily half-hearted struggle against Cæsar's power and Antony's vengeance; his tragic mistake (again unavoidable) in joining the conspiracy, which leads to his own failure and downfall.

3. The vengeance of Antony, made possible by the unfitness of Brutus for the part he chooses to play, and the fickleness of the mob.

4. The indestructible power of the Cæsar spirit.

The Cæsarian power (before and after the murder), Brutus, Cassius, Antony, the mob—these must stand out clearly as the theme of the music. They appear in the following arrangement, which works out quite well, and should play in less than two hours.

ACT I. *The strength and weakness of Cæsar's power in Rome.*

Whole of Act I. Sc. i.

Act I. Sc. ii. Procession of Cæsar and his nobles. The cry of the Soothsayer. Line 12 to line 47 "love to other men." Then line 79 "Flourish and shout" to line 118 "nod on him." Line 132 "Another general shout!"

to line 170 " high things." End with line 311 and following soliloquy of Cassius, to " worse days endure."

ACT II. *The plot made.*

Act II. Sc. i. line 1 " What, Lucius " to line 65 " hideous dream." Line 70 " Sir " to line 76 " Let 'em enter." Enter conspirators. Lines 86, 87 " I think " to " trouble you? " Lines 112, 113 " Give me " to " resolution." Lines 114 and 122 combined

> No, not an oath; for, good my countrymen,
> What need we any spur to our own cause?

to line 128 " fall for it? " Line 154 " Shall no man else " to line 166 " Caius." Line 181 " And for Mark Antony " to line 194 " or no." Line 209 " Let me work " to line 214 " fail not then." Line 221 " The morning " to line 233 " sleep'st so sound."

ACT III. *The assassination of Cæsar. The beginning of Antony's vengeance.*

Act II. Sc. iii. Artemidorus, reading his paper. Act III. Sc. i. to line 35 " Cimber." Line 44 " Thy brother " to line 60 " star." Line 71 " Let me a little " to end of Act III.

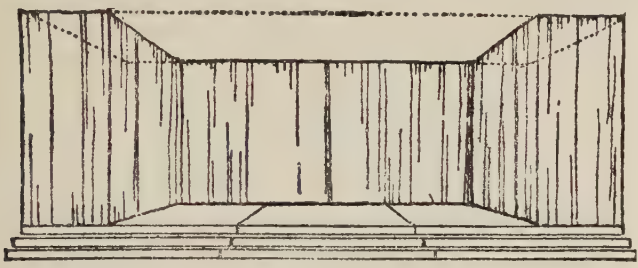
ACT IV. *The imminent fall of Brutus and Cassius.*

Act IV. Sc. ii. Sc. iii. to line 123 " leave you so." Line 196 " Well, to our work " to line 300 " Sleep again, Lucius." End the act with Brutus repeating to himself the words of the ghost of Cæsar—" At Philippi."

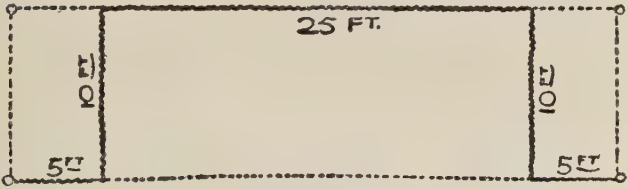
ACT V. *Failure and death of Brutus and Cassius.*

Act V. Sc. iii. " O, look, Titinius " to line 50 " take note of him." Line 91 " Where, where, Messala " to line 94, " mighty yet! " Line 99 " The last of all " to line 103 " time." Act V. Sc. v., line 4 " Sit thee down, Clitus " to line 75 " this was a man! "

The staging should be very simple. In Shakespeare's time there was no " scenery " in the theatre; the tendency of all the best modern productions is to give, not elaborate scenery, but a background which will throw into relief



ELEVATION



GROUND PLAN

PLAN OF STAGE

the figures of the actors and suggest the spirit of the play. This is, I think, important, as it helps the mind through the eye, just as one part of acting itself does. Even if you are acting in your form-room, try to get a background for your stage picture—a dark one for a classical play, as people in it will be wearing light robes. So much is gained

by the presence of the dark curtain or screen in place of the fussy background of maps, board, pictures, that it is worth while taking the trouble (not very much) to get it. In the hall the "arras stage" is the best kind. All sorts of effects may be got with it at the cost of a little imagination and less expense. The various types of "arras stage" are described as well as they could be in *Shakespeare for Community Players* (Dent & Sons Ltd.), from which the illustration on page 185 is reproduced.

If it is undesirable to spend money on the erection to give passage room, a satisfactory background may be got by hanging curtains of some dark, beautiful colour, black, deep purple, deep blue, flat against the wall at the back of the hall platform. Screens may be put at the sides of the platform to conceal exits and entrances—though this concealment, often considered so necessary, is not of much importance.

Of the Roman dress of this period there will probably be pictures hanging somewhere in school or printed in some of your books. It consisted of the "tunica" and the "toga." The citizens should wear tunics of coarse dark stuff, reaching the knee or ankle, either girded at the waist or hanging loose, and sandals which may be made of the "cork soles" to be bought at any boot-shop, bound on to the feet with thick dark braid which will have the appearance of leather thongs. The arms and legs should be bare. The other Romans should wear a light-coloured or white tunic with the toga. The latter is a piece of woollen stuff, about five by four yards, wound round the body and drawn across the left shoulder, on which it should be knotted. The garments of the Romans of the upper classes may be bordered with purple (*i.e.* red). For his triumph in Act I. Cæsar may wear a purple toga with a stencilled border—the triumph garments were of

purple and gold with embroidery of palm leaves and a laurel wreath. Cæsar was a very handsome man who liked to dress well. It was he who set the fashion, afterwards adopted by most of the Roman aristocrats, of wearing ear-rings. They also wore rings, on the third finger of the left hand. For footgear they may wear either the "calceus," which is a sort of shoe covering the whole foot, or the sandal, which is easier and cheaper to make. In battle the "tunica" was worn, and over it a protective covering for the body. This should be made of dark stiff stuff which will look like hide—buckram or canvas or skirt lining—sleeveless, shaped in at the waist, and cut, below the waist, into broad strips which reach a few inches above the knees. This garment may be ornamented with great round studs or jewels at the neck, on the breast, and at the waist. (The big, beautifully-coloured Ruskin or Lancastrian buttons which were so fashionable a few years ago will do splendidly for these.) The "scutum," or shield, is long and narrow; the weapons are the "hasta," or long spear, the short sword, and the "pilum," or javelin. The Roman helmet is rather complicated, and should be copied from a picture. I have seen a most effective one made from an old straw hat (re-blocked), silver tissue, and a loofah. If it cannot be managed, let the soldiers wear broad fillets.

If there is no money to spend on dress a good classical costume may be made from a sheet. Fold it across so that its length is right for your height, wind it round your body under your arms, fasten it under the left arm, draw the end across your shoulders and fling it across your left shoulder, letting it hang loose in front. Leave your right arm bare. If possible, get your art or classical master or mistress to arrange the folds of your drapery. If girls are acting, the ordinary serge gymnasium tunic does

quite well for the citizen's dress and for the under-tunic of the Roman at war. Girls with long hair may easily shorten it for a few hours. Gather it together, tie it firmly at the ends with a strong piece of dark ribbon, turn it up and tie the ribbon tightly round your head. Fold in the ends which will stick up above the ribbon at the back, and then pull out your hair round your face to "bobbed length." Secure it with a hair-pin or two if it feels at all "wobbly."

In acting the play try to get right inside your character. Think out the type of man you are, and imagine how he would look and stand and speak on all sorts of occasions and with all sorts of men. To speak clearly and distinctly, with force and expression, is your first consideration, but do not let it be your last. Study physical movement as well as tone of voice. And do not make the too-common mistake of "declaiming" blank verse. On the other hand, do not speak it as prose. I have seen elocution books in which poetry is printed as prose, so that pupils may find it easier to speak it "naturally," but obviously there is purpose in writing the thing as poetry, the poet has a right to be considered, and he would certainly wish the rhythm of his verse to be observed. "Let your discretion be your tutor," as Hamlet tells his players, in a scene which every actor of Shakespeare should know by heart (*Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. ii.). "Discretion," thought, and judgment, are lacking in too many actors of Shakespeare. Hard thought will not make a person with no miming gift into a good actor, but it will improve his work tremendously, and it will make an unbelievable difference to the power of the boy or girl who finds "acting" easy and delightful, and who is too often content with success too easily won.

Sometimes Shakespeare gives the actors a strong hint

as to the personality of a character. He does this once or twice in *Julius Cæsar*. Casca is a "blunt fellow"; Cassius has a "lean and hungry look"; Antony has a "quick spirit" and is "gamesome." Brutus impresses men with his nobility and gentleness of bearing. Bring out strongly the contrast between Brutus and Cassius. It shows in both character and personality. Brutus is quiet, dignified and restrained; his emotions are under perfect control; Cassius is nervous and excitable, with a strong sense of the dramatic (shown in his description of the swimming-match with Cæsar, and his stagey behaviour and bragging to Casca during the dreadful thunderstorm on the eve of the Ides of March). It is Cassius, who plots so well, who, panic-stricken with the fear of discovery, nearly loses his head just before the assassination of Cæsar, and is calmed by Brutus's tranquil —"Cassius, be constant." It is in this sudden rash despair that he takes his own life. The contrast between the noble motives of Brutus and the "envy" of Cassius is always brought out, but do not represent Cassius as a mean man, a mere jealous plotter. Study the account of his death in Act V.—and the words in which Brutus and Titinius praise him.

If you are doing the play on the ordinary scale, try to bring out the importance of the mob. In Mr. Ainley's *Julius Cæsar*, the sense of the crowd, its fickleness, its cheap, strong emotion, its terrifying injustice, is felt throughout the play. Its murmur is heard before it comes on to the stage, and after it leaves it; for a long time Antony and the lictors cannot fight their way through it to Cæsar's dead body; as Antony shows the rents in Cæsar's cloak a dishevelled woman flings herself across the foot of the bier, and sobs hysterically throughout the rest of his speech.

Whatever part you are doing—even if it is just one of the important mob, enter into it with zest and enthusiasm; study it in itself and in relation to the whole play; make it as good as you can. Get hold of anything and everything which bears on your play—books about Roman manners and customs, pictures of Roman dress, descriptions of Roman religion and thought. Remember that in acting you are not just showing off, but, through putting yourself into a bit of the life of other people, through understanding it and making it intelligible to your audience, you are helping the whole purpose of art of every kind—to make life more vivid, more interesting, and more wonderful an experience.

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